That ſtill records within one, or when
She would with rich and conſtant pen,
Vaile to her Miſtreſſe *Dian* ſtill,
This *Philoten* contents in ſkill
With abſolute *Marina*: ſo
The Doue of *Paphos* might with the crow
Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
All praiſes which are paide by debts,
And not as giuen, this ſo darkes
In *Philoten* all gracefull markes,
That *Cleons* wife with enuy rare,
A preſent murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter
Might ſtand peereleſſe by this ſlaughter
The ſooner her vile thoughts to ſtead,
Lychorida our Nurſe is dead,
And curſed *Dioniza* hath
The pregnant inſtrument of wrath.
Preſt for this blow, the vnbotne euent,
I do commend to your content,
Only I carried winged Time,
Poſte on the lame feete of my rime
Which neuer could I ſo conuay,
Vnleſſe your thoughts went on my way.
Dioniza doth appeare,
With *Leonine* a murderer. *Exit.*

Enter Dioniza and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou haſt ſworne to do it, tis but a blow, which neuer ſhall be knowne, thou canſt not do a thing in the world ſo ſoone, to yeeld thee ſo much profit, let not conſcience which is but cold, inflaming thy loue boſome, enflame too nicely; nor let pitty, which euen women haue caſt off, melt thee but be a ſoldiour to thy purpoſe.

Leon. I will doo't, but yet ſhe is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods ſhould haue her,
Heere ſhe comes weeping for her onely Miſtreſſe death,

Thou art reſolu'd?

Leon. I am reſolu'd.

Enter Marina with a baſke

Mar. No: I will robbe *Tellus* of her
with Flowers: the yellowes, blewes,
rigolds, ſhall as a Carpet hang vpo
dayes do laſt, Aye me poore maide, b
mother dide: this world to me is like a
from my friends.

Dion. How now Marina? why de
How chaunce my daughter is not with
Doe not conſume my blood with ſor
You haue a nurſe of me, Lord how yo
Chang'd with this vnprofitable woe:
Come giue me your flowers, ere the
Walke with *Leonine*, the ayre is quic
And it pierces and ſharpens the ſtoma
Come *Leonine* take her by the arme,

Mar. No I pray you, Ile not bere

Dion. Come, come, Ile loue the
ſelfe, with more then forraine hear
heere, when hee ſhall come and finde
thus blaſted. Hee will repent the
blame both my Lord and mee, that
your beſt courſe. Go I pray you, w
gaine; reſerue that excellent compl
eyes of yong and old,
Care not for me, I can goe home alo

Mar. Well, I will go, but yet I h

Dion. Come come, I know 'tis go
Walke halfe an howre *Leonine*, at th
Remember what I haue ſaid.

Leon. I warrant you Madam.

Dion. Ile leaue you my ſweet La
ſoftly, doe not heate your blood; w
you.

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